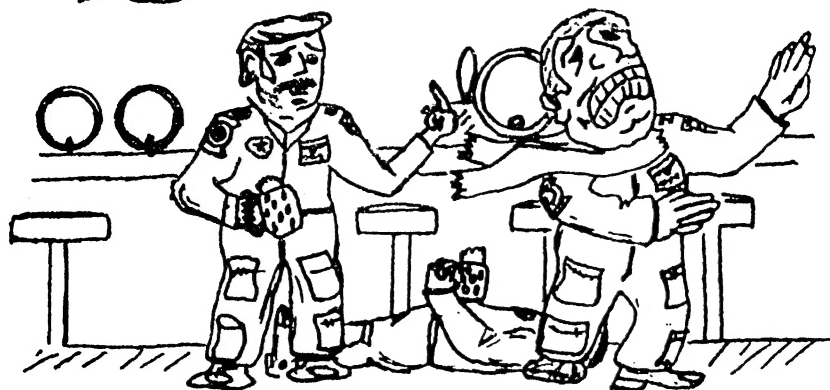




AGGRESSOR

SONG

BOOK



THE FIGHTER PILOT

SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT HIM; ARROGANT, COCKY, BOISTEROUS, AND A FUN LOVING FOOL TO BOOT. HE HAS EARNED HIS PLACE IN THE SUN. ACROSS THE SPAN OF FIFTY YEARS HE HAS GIVEN THIS COUNTRY SOME OF ITS PROUDEST MOMENTS AND MOST CHERISHED MILITARY TRADITIONS, BUT FAME IS SHORT-LIVED AND LITTLE THE WORLD REMEMBERS. ALMOST FORGOTTEN ARE THE 1400 FIGHTER PILOTS WHO STOOD ALONE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF HITLER'S GERMANY DURING THE DARK SUMMER OF 1941 AND IN THE WORDS OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL GAVE ENGLAND ITS FINEST HOUR. GONE FROM THE HARDSTANDS OF DUXFORD ARE THE 51'S WITH THEIR CHECKERBOARD NOSES THAT TERRORIZED THE FINEST FIGHTER SQUADRONS THE LUFTWAFFE HAD. DINLY REMEMBERED-THE 4TH FIGHTER GROUP THAT GAVE AMERICANS SOME OF THEIR FEW PROUD MOMENTS IN THE SKIES OVER KOREA. HOW FRESH IN RECALL ARE THE AIR COMMANDOS WHO VALIENTLY STRUCK THE VC WITH THEIR AGING 'SKYRAIDERS' IN THE RAIN AND BLOOD-SOAKED VALLYE CALLED A SHAU? AND HOW LONG WILL BE REMEMBERED THE 'PHANTOMS' AND THE 'THUDS' OVER 'ROUTE PACK SIX' AND THE FLACK FILLED SKIES ABOVE HANOI? BARREL ROLL, STEEL TIGER, AND TALLY HO. SO HERE'S A 'NICKLE ON THE GRASS' TO YOU, MY FRIEND, FOR YOUR SPIRIT, ENTHUSIAM, SACRIFICE, AND COURAGE-BUT MOST OF ALL TO YOUR FRIENDSHIP, YOURS IS A DYING BREED AND WHEN YOU ARE GONE-THE WORLD WILL BE A LESSER PLACE.

FRIAR TUCK

AND THAT MY FRIENDS IS WHAT THIS SONGBOOK IS ALL ABOUT. I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE THANKS TO ALL THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED THEIR TIME AND EFFORT IN HELPING PRODUCE THIS SONGBOOK.

CHEERS AND CHECK SIX,

JIFFY JEFF

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THE AIR FORCE SONG

OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER, CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN.
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER, AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE HER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE, SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER, OFF WITH ONE HELL OF A ROAR,
WE LIVE IN FAME, OR GO DOWN IN FLAME, NOTHING CAN STOP THE U. S. AIR FORCE.

MINDS OF MEN FASHIONED A CRATE OF THUNDER, SENT IT HIGH INTO THE BLUE,
HANDS OF MEN BLASTED THE WORLD ASUNDER: HOW THEY LIVED, GOD ONLY KNEW.
SOULS OF MEN DREAMING OF SKIES TO CONQUER, GAVE US WINGS OVER TO SOAR,
WITH SCOUTS BEFORE AND Bomber Galore, NOTHING CAN STOP THE U. S. AIR FORCE.

HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST OF THOSE WHO LOVE THE VASTNESS OF THE SKY,
TO A FRIEND WE SEND A MESSAGE OF HIS BROTHER MEN WHO FLY,
WE DRINK TO THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR ALL OF OLD, THEN DOWN WE ROAR TO SCORE THE
RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD.
HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST OF THE MEN WE BOAST: THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

OFF WE GO INTO THE BLUE SKY YONDER. KEEP YOUR WINGS LEVEL AND TRUE.
IF YOU'D LIVE TO BE A GRAY-HAIRED WONDER, KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THE BLUE.
FLYING MEN GUARDING OUR NATION'S BORDERS, WE'LL BE THERE FOLLOWED BY MORE.
IN ECHELON WE CARRY ON. NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE!

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE, WE'RE A HAPPY BAND THEY SAY,
WE NEVER DO A LICK OF WORK, JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY,
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD AND SOON GROW OLD AND BLIND,
YOU'LL TAKE TO THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS: YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND
OH, COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND!

PROMOTIONS COME UPON YOU JUST AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE,
YOU'RE RIDING ON THE GRAVY TRAIN WHEN YOU'RE AN AIR FORCE FLYER
BUT JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A GENERAL, YOU'LL FIND
THE ENGINES COUGH, THE WINGS FALLS OFF, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

ONE DAY YOU'LL LOOP AND SPIN HER WITH AN AWFUL TEAR,
YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT YOUR WINGS BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE,
FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES MORE ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND,
YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND HIS ANGELS SWEET AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

YOU'RE FLYING ACROSS THE OCEAN WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE SPIT,
YOU SEE THE PROP COME TO A STOP, THE GODDAMN ENGINE'S QUIT.
THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CANNOT SWIM, THE SHORE IS MILES BEHIND,
YOU'LL BE A DISH FOR HAPPY FISH, BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

I'M FLYING IN MY F-86 ALONG THE YALU SHORE.
I'M LOYAL TO THE AIR FORCE, BUT I'M ROTTEN TO THE CORE.
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE ENGINE, JACK AND IF THE BASTARD QUIT,
IT WILL BE UP THERE ALL BY ITSELF, CAUSE I'M THE KIND THAT GITS.

MAYBE YOU'LL RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN IN ADMINISTRATIVE WORK,
LET OTHER GUYS LIGHT UP THE SKIES, WHY SHOULD YOU BE A JERK.
YOU'LL MEET THAT HIGHER OFFICER TO WHOM YOU'VE BEEN ASSIGNED,
WITH YOUR NOSE IN PLACE, AND I DON'T MEAN ON YOUR FACE, YOU WILL NEVER MIND!

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN OLD UDON THANI
ALL THE PILOTS WERE ALSEEP
WHEN UP STEPPED COL. _____

AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAID
"PHANTOMS, GENTLE PHANTOMS, PHANTOMS, ONE AND ALL
PILOTS, GENTLE PILOTS, AND ALL THE PILOTS BALLS.
WHEN UP STEPPED A YOUNG LIEUTENANT
WITH A VOICE AS BOLD AS BRASS
'YOU CAN TAKE THOSE GODDAM PHANTOMS AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS

CHORUS: OH, HALLELUIA, HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS
OH, HALLELUIA, HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS AND YOU'LL
BE SAVED,

I WAS CRUISING DOWN THE MEKONG, DOING SIX AND TWENTY PER
THERE CAME A CALL FROM THE MAJOR, 'OH WON'T YOU SAVE ME, SIR?'
MY GUNS: AIN'G GOT NO AMMO, MY TANKS AIN'T GOT NO GAS
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY I GOT SIX MIGS ON MY ASS.

I SHOT MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT
THE AIRSPEED READ 130, MY GOD I RACKED IT TIGHT
THE AIRFRAME GAVE A SHUDDER, THE ENGINE GAVE A WHEEZ
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY SPIN INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE

FOULED UP MY CROSSWING LANDING, MY LEFT WING HIT THE GROUND
THERE CAME A CALL FROM THE TOWER, PULL UP AND GO AROUND
I RACKED THAT PHANTOM IN THE AIR, A DOZEN FEET OR MORE
THE ENGINE QUIT, I ALMOST SMIT, THE GEAR CAME THROUGH THE FLOOR.

I WAS SPLIT-S ON MY BOMB RUN AND GOT TOO GOD DAMN LOW
I PRESSED THAT BLOODY BUTTON, AND I LET THOSE BABIES GO
SUCKED THE STICK BACK FAST AS BLAZES AND HIT A HIGH SPEED STALL
NOW I WON'T SEE MY MOTHER WHEN THE WORKS ALL DONE NEXT FALL.

THEY SENT ME UP TO HANOI, THE BRIEF SAID NO ACK-ACK
BUT BY THE TIME I GOT THERE MY WINGS WERE HOLED BY FLAK
MY AIRCRAFT COUGHED AND SHUDDERED, IT WAS TOO CUT UP TO FLY
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

I BAILED OUT FROM MY PHANTOM, MY LANDING TURNED OUT FINE
WITH MY E-AND-E EQUIPMENT, I MADE FOR OUR FRONT LINE
WHEN I OPENED UP MY RATION, TO SEE WHAT WAS IN IT
MY GOD, THE QUARTERMASTER HAD FILLED THE THING WITH SHIT

NOW IN THIS COMMIE PRISON CAMP I AM OBLIGED TO SIT
FOR ONE CANNOT GO VERY FAR ON A RATION TIN OF SHIT
IF I AM EVER FREE AGAIN, I WILL NO LONGER FLY
BUT I'LL HAVE THE QUARTERMASTER'S BALLS FOR BREAKFAST TILL I DIE

RED RIVER VALLEY

TO THE RED RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING
FOR TO GET US SOME TRAINS AND SOME TRACKS
BUT IF I HAD MY SAY SO ABOUT IT
I'D STILL BE BACK HOME IN THE SACK.

COME AND SIT BY MY SIDE AT THE BRIEFING
DO NOT HASTEN TO BID ME ADIEU
TO THE RED RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING
AND I'M FLYING FOUR IN FLIGHT BLUE.

WE WENT FOR TO CHECK ON THE WEATHER
AN THEY SAID IT WAS CLEAR AS COULD BE
I LOST MY WINGMAN ROUND THE FIELD
AND THE REST AUGERED IN OUT AT SEA

S-2 SAID THERE'S NO FLAK WHERE WE'RE GOING
S-2 SAID THERE'S NO FLAK ON THE WAY
THERE'S A DARK OVERCAST O'ER THE TARGET
I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT WHAT THEY SAY.

TO THE VALLEY THEY SAY WE ARE GOING
AND MANY STRANGE SIGHTS WILL WE SEE
BUT THE ONE THERE THAT HELD MY ATTENTION
WAS THE SAM THAT THEY THREW UP AT ME.

TO THE VALLEY HE SAID HE WAS FLYING
AND HE NEVER SAW THE MEDAL THAT HE EARNED
MANY JOCKS HAVE FLOWN INTO THE VALLEY
AND A NUMBER HAVE NEVER RETURNED.

SO I LISTENED AS HE BRIEFED ON THE MISSION
TONIGHT AT HTE BAR BEAK FLIGHT WIL L SING
BUT WE'RE GOING TO THE RED RIVER VALLEY
AND TODAY YOU ARE FLYING MY WING.

OH, THE FLAK IS SO THICK IN THE VALLEY
THAT THE MIGS AND THE SAMS WE DON'T NEED
SO FLY HIGH AND DOWN SUN IN THE VALLEY
AND GUARD WELL THE ASS OF BEAK LEAD

NOW THINGS TURN TO SHIT IN THE VALLEY
AND THE BRIEFING I GAVE, YOU DON'T HEED
THEY'LL BE WAITING AT THE HANOI HILTON
AND ITS FISH HEADS AND RICE FOR BEAK LEAD

WE REFUELED ON THE WAY TO THE VALLEY
IN THE STATES IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN FUN
BUT WITH THUNDER AND LIGHTNING ALL AROUND US
T WAS THE LAST AAR FOR BEAK ONE

RED RIVER VALLEY-CONTINUED

WHEN HE CAME TO A BRIDGE IN THE VALLEY
HE SAW A DUTY THAT HE COULDN'T SHUN
FOR THE FIRST TO ROLL IN ON THE TARGET
WAS MY LEADER, OLD BEAK NUMBER ONE.

OH, HE FLEW THROUGHT THE FLAK TOWARD THE TARGET
WITH HIS BOMBS AND HIS ROCKETS DREW A BEAD
BUT HE NVER PULLED OUT OF HIS BOMB RUN
T' WAS FATAL FOR ANOTHER BEAK LEAD

SO COME SIT BY MY SIDE AT THE BRIEFING
WE WILL SIT THERE AND TICKLE THE BEADS
FOR WE'RE GOING TO THE RED RIVER VALLEY
AND MY CALL SIGN TODAY IS BEAK LEAD.

THE MOUSE

THE LIQUOR WAS SPILLED ON THE BAR ROOM FLOOR
AND THE BAR WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT
WHEN OUT OF A HOLE CAME A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE
AND SAT IN THE PALE MOON LIGHT
HE LAPPED UP THE LIQUOR ON THE BAR ROOM FLOOR
AND BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES HE SAT
AND ALL NIGHT LONG YOU COULD HEAR HIM ROAR
'BRING ON THAT GODDAMNED CAT':

THE DUCHESS

OH, THE DUCHESS, SHE WAS DRESSING
DRESSING FOR THE BALL
WHEN OUT THE WINDOW SHE DID SPY HIM
PISSING ON THE WALL

CHORUS

WITH HIS LILLY WHITE KIDNEY WIPERS
AND BALLS THE SIZE OF THESE
AND A HALF A YARD OF FORESKIN
HANGING DOWN BELOW HIS KNEES
O, HANGING DOWN
OH, HANGING DOWN
WITH A HALF A YARD OF FORESKIN
HANGING DOWN BELOW HIS KNEES.

SO SHE SENT TO HIM A LETTER
AND IN IT SHE DID SAY
I'D RATHER BE FUCKED BY YOU
THAN BY MY HUSBAND ANYDAY

SO HE MOUNTED ON HIS CHARGER
AND THROUGHT THE STREETS HE DID RIDE
WITH HIS BALLS SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER
AND HIS COCK LASHED TO HIS SIDE

OH, HE RODE INTO THE COURTYARD
HE RODE, INTO THE HALL
'MY GOD,' CRIED THE BUTLER
HE'S COME TO FUCK US ALL

OH, HE FUCKED THE COOK IN THE KITCHEN
HE FUCKED THE MAID IN THE HALL
BUT WHEN HE FUCKED THE BUTLER
'T WAS THE DIRTIEST TRICK OF ALL

THEN HE MOUNTED ON HIS CHARGER
AND RODE INTO THE STREET
WITH LITTLE DROPS OF SEAMEN
PITTER-PATTERING AT HIS FEET.

OH, THEY SAY HE'S GONE TO HADES
THEY SAY HE'S GONE TO HELL
THEY SAY HE FUCKS THE DEVIL
AND I KNOW HE FUCKS HIM WELL.

TCHEPONE

I WAS HANGING ROUND OPS, JUST AWASTING MY TIME,
NOT ON THE SCHEDULE, NOT EARNIN' A DIME,
WHEN A COLONEL CAME UP AND HE SAYS 'I SUPPOSE,
YOU FLY A FIGHTER BY THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES.'

HE FIGHRES ME RIGHT, 'I'M A GOOD ONE,' I SAY.
'DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ME A TARGET TODAY?'
HE SAYS YES HE DOES AND A REAL EASY ONE.
'NO SWEAT, MY BOY, IT'S AN OLE'TIME MILK RUN.'

I GETS ALL EXCITED AND ASKS WEHRE IT'S AT
HE GIVES ME A WINK AND A TIP OF HIS HAT.
IT'S ONE TWENTY MILE TO THE NORTHEAST OF HOME,
A SMALL, PEACEFULL HAMLET THAT'S KNOWN AS TCHEPONE.

I GO GET MY G-SUIT AND STRAP ON MY GUN,
HELMET, AND GLOVES AND OUT THE DOOR ON THE RUN,
FIRE UP MY PHANTOM AND TAKE TO THE AIR,
TWO'S TUCKED IN TIGHT AND WE HAVEN'T A CARE.

IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES WE'RE OVER THE TOWN.
FROM TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND WE'RE SCREAMING ON DOWN.
ARM UP THE SWITCHES AND DIAL IN THE MILS,
RACK UP THE WINGS, AND ROLL IN FOR THE KILL.

WE FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR FOLKS DOWN BELOW
OF DESTRUCTION THATS COMING THEY SURELY DON'T KNOW,
BUT THE THOUGHT PASSES QUICKLY, WE KNOW THE WAR IS ON,
AND ON DOWN WE SCREAM TOWARD PEACEFUL TCHEPONE.(UNSUSPECTING, PEACEFUL, TCH)

RELEASE ALTITUDE AND THE PIPPER'S NOT RIGHT.
I'LL PRESSJUST A LITTLE AND LAY THEM IN TIGHT
I PICKLE THOSE BEAUTIES AT TWO POINT FIVE GRAND,
STARTED MY PULL WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN,

A BLACK PUFF IN FRONT, AND THEN TWO OFF THE RIGHT.
THEN SIX OR EIGHT MORE AND I SUCK IT PU TIGHT.
THERE'S SMALL ARMS AND TRACERS AND HEAVY ACK-ACK.
IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN WITH ALL KINDS OF FLACK.

I JINK HARD TO THE LEFT AND HEAD OUT FOR THE BLUE;
WHEN MY WINGMAN CRIES 'LEAD, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU,'
'NOSHIT,' I CRY AS I POINT OUT TOWARD HOME.
STILL COMES THE FIRE FROM THE TOWN OF TCHEPONE.(DIRTY, DEADLY TCHEPONE)

I MAKE IT BACK HOME WITH SIX HOLE IN MY BIRD.
WITH THE COLONEL WHO SENT ME I'D SURE LIKE A WORD
BUT HE'S NOW WHERE AROUND, THOUGH I LOOKED NEAR AND FAR,
HE'S GONE BACK TO SEVENTH TO HELP RUN THE WAR.

I'VE BEEN 'ROUND THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY A DAY,
I'VE SEEN ALL THE THINGS THEY'RE TROWING MY WAY.
I KNOW THERE ARE PLACES I DON'T LIKE TO FLY,
UP IN MUGIA AND IN BAN KARAI.
BUT I'LL BET ALL MY FLIGHT PAY THE JOCK AIN'T BEEN BORN,
WHO CAN KEEP ALL HIS COOL WHEN HE'S OVER TCHEPONE.

THE AGGRESSORS(SKIP TO THE LU, MY DARLING)

THIS IS OUR SONG TO THE T-38's(F-5E),
WHO'VE NEVER FIRED A SHOT IN A MOMENT OF HATE,
THEY TRAVEL AROUND VISITING ALL THE USAF CREWS,
HUSTLING THEIR WOMEN AND DRINKING THEIR BOOZE.

CHORUS: DOWN, DOWN, SPIRALING DOWN(REPEAT 3 TIMES)
ANOTHER SMALL TRAINER WENT DOWN IN FLAMES.

THEY FEED US GREAT STORIES OF TRACKING OUR SIX,
WE KNOW IT'S JUST SOME OF THEIR DIRTY OLE TRICKS,
NOW THINK OF IT, GENTS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D LIE,
IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY ALL THAT GREAT IDY.

NOW AIR TO AIR'S SHIT HOT, TO THAT WE'LL AGREE,
BUT WE THINK A TRUE FIGHTER IS SOMETHING TO BE
SENT BOMBING AND STRAFING WITH AN OPTICAL SIGHT,
AND NOT JUST SOME WAG THAT YOU DREAMED UP LAST NIGHT.

THEY ARE TWO SEAT TRAINERS, BUT THEY'RE NOT ALL ALONE,
THEY NEED RADAR VECTORS TO FIND THEIR WAY HOME,
THEY TALK ABOUT TRACKING, BUT THAT'S HARD TO DO,
WHEN YOU'RE DODGING THE JET WASH THAT BIG UGLY SPEWS.

THE ONLY MAN(BATTLE HYMN)

THE WING WAS BEGINNING TO TREMBLE AT THE UPCOMING ORI
THEY WERE PENCIL-WHIPPING SQUARES AND FABRICATING LIES.
BUT THEY KNEW IT WOULD ALL DEPEND ON A ROAD FROM THE SKY,
FOR THEM TO PASS THE ORI.

CHORUS: GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
BUT THEY PASSED THE ORI.

THEY LOOKED AROUND AND TRIED TO FIND THEIR MOST PROFICIENT STUD,
BUT MAJOR WRIGHT WAS IDY AND SLEAZE WAS SMASHED ON BUD.
WHEN MASTER BATES HEARD THE PLAN, HE PACKED HIS BAGS AND RAN,
SO THEY TURNED TO THE ONLY MAN.

HE CAME ON IN AT 0-DARK-THIRTY, AFTER TWELVE HOURS OF REST.
HE MADE HIS FLIGHT PLAN, SIGNED THE LOG, AND DROPPED HIS SURVIVAL VEST.
HE WALKED ON OUT AND STARTED 'EM UP, AND VOWED HE'D DO HIS BEST,
AND IN PEACE MAY HE FOREVER REST.

HE VIOLATED AN AIRWAY WHILE DODGING CLOUDS IN WEATHER MOST SEVERE,
AND COXWAIN'S CONSTANT SHOUTING ONLY TENDED TO HEIGHTEN HIS FEAR,
AND WHEN THE TONE CUT OFF, THE GIB SAID, 'WASN'T EVEN NEAR,
SO HE TERMINATED HIS CAREER.

THERE WAS BLOOD UPON HIS RISERS, THERE WAS GORE UPON HIS BOOTS.
HIS BRAINS WERE ALL A SPLATTERED OVER HIS MARIN-BAKER CHUTE.
BUT THEY JUDGED HIS WRECK SCORABLE, ONE THOUSAND FEET AT TWO,
AND THEY PASSED THE ORI.

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC)

MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN WHO RULED THE FIGHTING SKY,
WITH HEARTS THAT LAUGHED AT DEATH WHO LIVED FOR NOTHING BUT TO FLY,
BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND THOSE DAYS ARE LONG GONE BY,
THE FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

CHORUS: GLORY FLYING REGULATIONS, HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION
BURN THE ASS OF THOSE THAT BREAKS EM, THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!!!

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB, A HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG,
A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SET TO RIGHT THE DEADLY WRONG,
BUT IT'S ONLY MEMORY, IT ONLY LIVES IN SONG,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

ONCE THEY FLEW B-26'S THROUGH A LIVING HELL OF ELAK,
AND BLOODY DYING PILOTS GAVE THEIR ALL TO BRING THEM BACK,
BUT NOW THEY PLAY PINGPONG IN THE OPERATIONS SHACK,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE LIBERATOR TOO,
ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY WITH CONTRAILS IN THE BLUE,
BUT NOW THE SKYS ARE EMPTY AND OUR PLANES ARE WET WITH DEW
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

YOU HAVE HEARD THE POUNDING FIFTIES BLAZE FROM WINGS OF POLISHED STEEL,
THE PURRRING OF YOUR MERLIN WAS A SONG YOUR HEART COULD FEEL,
BUT NOW THE F-2 CHARMS YOU WITH ITS MOANING GROANING SQUEAL,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

HAVE YOU EVER CLIMBED A LIGHTNING UP TO WHERE THE AIR IS THIN,
HAVE YOU STUCK HER LONG NOSE DOWNWARD JUST TO HEAR THE SCREAMING DIN,
HAVE YOU TRIED TO DO IT LATELY, BETTER NOT, YOU'LL AUGER IN,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

THE SABRE'S IN KOREA DROVE THE MIGS OUT OF THE SKY,
THE PILOTS THEN WERE FEARLESS MEN AND NOT AFRAID TO DIE,
BUT NOW THE REGS ARE WRITTEN, YOU CAN KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

WE WERE COCKY, BOLD AND HAPPY WHEN WE PLAYED THE ANGEL'S GAME,
WE SPLIT THE BLUE WITH BUZZING AND WE ROLLED OUR WAY TO FAME,
BUT NOW THAT'S ALL VERBOTEN AND WE'RE ALL SO GODDAMNED TAME,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

MY EYES GET DIM WITH TEARS WHEN I RECALL THE DAYS OF OLD,
WHEN PILOTS TOOK THEIR CHOICE AND I WILL LIVE TO BE QUITE OLD,
BUT NOW FOR REGULATIONS OUR HEART AND SOUL HAVE BEEN SOLD,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL.

BUT SMILE AWHILE MY PILOTS THOUGH YOUR EYES MAY STILL BE WET
SOMEDAY WE'LL BE IN HEAVEN WHERE THE RULES WILL NOT BE SET,
AND GOD WILL SHOW US HOW TO BUZZ AND ROLL AND REALLY LET...
THE AIR FORCE FLY LIKE HELL...

GLORY NO MORE REGULATIONS, RIP THEM UP AT EVERY STATION,
GROUND THE GUY WHO TRIES TO MAKE ONE, AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!!!

THE DAY OF THE EAGLE-ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

NOW GATHER ROUND CLOSELY
I'LL SING THIS SHOR SONG
BOUT THE DAY OF THE EAGLE
THE DAY THINGS WENT WRONG

THE TAKEOFF WAS NORMAL
NO PROBLEMS IN SIGHT
HE WENT TO THE CIRCLE
AND STARTED TO FIGHT

THE BATTLE WAS BITTER
AND FOUGHT TO THE END
T'WAS TIME THEN TO GO HOME
T'WAS TIME TO EXTEND

WHILE CRUISING ON BACK HOME
JUST CHASING THE BREEZE
THE BLOW JETS WENT POOF POOF
SNAP, CRACKLE, AND WHEEZE

THE SILENCE WAS DEAFENING
HE CALLED ON THE FREQ
'WHAT DOES THE DASH ONE SAY
BOUT GLIDING THIS THING?'

THE DRIVER THEN PONDERED
HE THOUGHT LONG AND COOL
AND FINALLY DECIDED
'MOM AIN'T RAISED NO FOOL.'

'I'VE SURVIVED ALL MY TRAINING
IT SEEMS, NOW LET'S SEE
HOW WELL THEY TAUGHT ME
SURVIVAL AT SEA

HE LEAPED FROM HIS EAGLE
GODDBYE, SADLY BADE
WONDERING BRIEFLY IF
HIS INSURANCE WAS PAID

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED
NO DOUBT IN MY MIND
BUT SEEMS THAT HE LEFT
HIS AIRPLANE BEHIND.

THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY
I'M SORRY TO SAY
AND ONE EACH F-FIFTEEN
LIES OUT IN THE BAY

CREDITS TO CRITTER

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

ON TOP OF THE POP UP, AND FLAT ON MY BACK,
I LOST MY POOR WINGMAN, IN A BIG HAIL OF LFACK,

GUARD CHANNEL WAS SILENT, THE SITES WERE ALL DEAD,
UNTIL WE ROLLED IN AND LOOKED UP AHEAD,

THE SKY FILLED WITH FIREBALLS, THE MISSILES FLASHED BY,
SWEET MOTHER OF JESUS, WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

NUMBER TWO CALLED, 'I'M HIT, I'M GOING TO BUST,'
NOT ONE GODDAMN ELINT, A POOR JOCK CAN TRUST,

SO COME YE YOUNG PILOTS, AND LISTEN TO DAD,
FORGET ABOUT JINKING, AND YOUR ASS HAS BEEN HAD.

THEY'LL HIT YOU AND BURN YOU, THEIR FLACK REACHES THIS FAR,
IT'S A LONG WALK TO TAKHLI, AND A BEER IN THE BAR.

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY?

WHEN THE SAMS START RISING FROM OLD HAIPHONG HARBOR,
AND THE 85'S START PUFFING AT KEP HAY,
YOU WILL KNOW YOUR TARGET'S JUST AROUND THE MOUNTAIN,
AND YOU WONDER IF THE MIGS WILL COME TO PLAY.

OH, YOU REACH YOUR PULL-UP POINT AND START YOUR POP-UP
AND THE TRACERS SEEM TO URGE YOU ON YOUR WAY,
YOU SEE THE BRIDGE AND AS YOU START YOUR ROLL IN,
YOU WONDER IF THE MIGS WILL COME TO PLAY.

OH, YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR BOMBS AND NOW YOU'RE OFF AND RUNNING,
JINKING HARD YOU'RE ON YOUR MERRY WAY,
AND AS YOU REACH THE LIMSTONE RIDGES,
YOU WONDER IF THE MIGS WILL COME TO PLAY.

OH, YOU'VE REACHED THE COAST AND ALL THE SEA IS FRIENDLY,
YOUR FUEL IS LOW, BUT NOT TOO LOW YOU SAY,
I CAN MAKE IT BACK TO KORAT NICE AND EASY,
IF ONLY THE MIGS DON'T COME TO PLAY.

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

HERE'S TO ME IN MY SOBER MOOD,
WHEN I RAMBLE, SIT AND THINK
HERE'S TO ME IN MY DRUNKEN MOOD,
WHEN I GAMBLE, SIN AND DRINK.

BUT WHEN MY FLYING DAYS ARE OVER,
AND FROM THIS WORLD I PASS,
I HOPE THEY BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN,
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS.

I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE

WELL, I TOOK OFF FROM UBON IN A THICK AND HEAVY DRIVING RAIN,
I TOTED MY BOMBS UP TO GREEN ANCHOR TANKER PLANE,
I HAD A BRAND-NEW AC RIDING IN THE FRONT SEAT,
A GUY WITH SIX MONTHS RTU, BEFORE THAT A 'TWEET',
HE ASKED ME IF MY COUNTERS NUMBERED MUCH MORE THAN TEN
I SAID, 'LISTEN, MAC, THERE AIN'T NO PLACE UP THERE I AIN'T BEEN.'

CHORUS: I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE, MAN, I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE
I'VE CROSSED THE MOUNTAINS BARE, MAN, I'VE SEEN THE FLAK-FILLED AIR
OF SAM'S I'VE HAD MY SHARE, MAN, I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE.

HANOI, HAIPHONG, PHUC YEN, YEN BAI, LONGSON, HOA LAC,
PHU THO, SON TAY, MAO BINH, NAM DINH, THAI BINH, BAC NINH,
THAI NGUYEN, GIA LAM, WIET TRI, DO SON
THUD RIDGE, MIG RIDGE, NORTHEAST RAILROAD, BAC MAI, NINH GRANG,
BAC GIANG, POO-YANG.

SAM MEUE, NAN BAN, QUANG, SON LA, BAT LAKE, DON HOI
QUANG KHE, THANH HOA, RED ROUTE, BLACK ROUTE, BLUE ROUTE, PURPLE ROUTE
CHANNEL 97, AND THE RED AND BLACK RIVER VALLEY,
LANDSIDE, WATERSIDE, AND DOWN THE SLIDE, DANG MY HIDE,
IN TOWN, CROSS TOWN, UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN.

YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I AM A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, WITH DT'S AND BLOOD-SHOT EYEBALLS,
MY NERVES ARE ALL RUN DOWN FROM BOMBING DOWNTOWN,
FROM SAM BREAKS AND BAD BANDIT CALLS.

CHORUS: A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, AND YANKEE AIR PIRATE I.
A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, IF I DON'T GET MY^{AM}
HUNDRED I'LL DIE.

I'VE CARRIED IRON BOMBS ON THE OUTBOARDS, FLOWN FAST CAP FOR F-ONE-OH-THUDS
I'VE SNIVELED A COUNTER OR TWO ONCE OR TWICE,
AND SWEATED MY OWN RICH RED BLOOD.

I'VE BEEN DOWNTOWN TO BOTH BRIDGES, TO THAI NGUYEN, KEP AND PHUC YEN,
AND IF YOU ASK ME, THEN I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE,
THERE'S NO PLACE UP THERE I AIN'T BEEN.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

AROUND AND AROUND THE SAM SITE, THE MISSILE CHASED THE WEASEL,
WEASEL GOT PISSED SAM, GOT ZAPPED, 'POP' GOES THE WEASEL.

LADY FINGERS DID THEIR JOB, DID MORE THAN JUST TEASE THEM
THE RUSSIAN TECHS GOT ALL PISSED OF, 'POP' GOES THE WEASEL.

WILLY PETER SHOWED US WHERE, TO ROLL IN TO DISPLEASE 'EM.
ONE MORE PASS WITH HEI, 'POP' GOES THE WEASEL.

WE LOOK AROUND FOR SAM SITES, WE GRAB THEIR BALLS AND SQUEEZE 'EM.
THEY SHOW THEIR ASS, WE SHOOT IT OFF, 'POP' GOES THE WEASEL.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

DON'T GIVE ME A P-38, THE PROPS THEY COUNTER-ROTATE
THEY'RE SCATTERED AND BURNING FROM BURMA TO BRITAIN
DON'T GIVE ME A P-38

CHORUS: JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
WAY OUT ON A LONELY ATOLL
FOR I AM TOO YOUNG TO DIE
I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD

DON'T GIVE ME A P-39
THE ENGINE IS MOUNTED BEHIND
THEY'LL TUMBLE AND SPIN, AND AUGER YOU IN,
DON'T GIVE ME A P-39

DON'T GIVE ME A PETER-FOUR OH, A HELL OF AN AIRPLANE I KNOW
A GROUND LOOPING BASTARD, YOU'RE SURE TO GET PLASTERED
DON'T GIVE ME A PETER FOUR OH

DON'T GIVE ME A P-51, IT WAS ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING THE HUM
BUT WITH COOLANT TANK DRY, YOU'LL RUN OUT OF SKY
DON'T GIVE ME A P-51

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84, SHE'S JUST A GROUND LOVING' WHORE,
SHE'LL WHINE AND SHE'LL WHEEZE AND SHE'LL CLOBBER THE TREES
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-86, WITH WINGS LIKE BROKEN MATCH STACKS
THEY'LL ZOOM AND THEY'LL HOVER, BUT AS FOR TOP COVER
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-86

DON'T GIVE ME AN 86-D, WITH ROCKETS, RADAR AND A/B,
SHE'S FAST, I DON'T CARE, SHE BLOWS UP IN MID-AIR,
DON'T GIVE ME AN 86-D

DON'T GIVE ME A ONE-DOUBLE-OH, THE BASTARD IS READY TO BLOW
THE A/B IS THERE BUT YOU'RE SAYING A PRAYER
DON'T GIVE ME A ONE-DOUBLE-OH

DON'T GIVE ME A F-102, IT NEVER GOES UP WHEN IT'S BLUE
AN ALL-WEATHER COFFIN, THAT FLAMES OUT SO OFTEN
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-102

DON'T GIVE ME A T-33
THE AIRFRAME IS WAY OUT-OF-DATE
YOU PLUG IN THE BURNER TO TURN A SQUARE CORNER
AND PULL A BIG 7.8

DON'T GIVE ME A PHANTOM 4 II
IT'S TAC'S TWO SEAT B-52
DROP YOUR BOMBS AND GO ROUND
HOPE THAT THEY HIT THE GROUND
DON'T GIVE ME A PHANTOM 4 II

DON'T GIVE ME AN AARDVARK TO FLY
IT'S A GUAREANTEED SURE WAY TO DIE
FLY HANDS OFF ON THE DECK AND YOU'LL BREAK YOUR DAMN NECK
DON'T GIVE ME AN AARDVARK TO FLY

DON'T MAKE ME A 38 FAIP
IT'S TAC'S LEGAL VERSION OF RAPE
WITH SOME HIGH LEVEL BACKING
WE'D BE GROUND ATTACKING
DON'T MAKE ME A 38 FAIP

DON'T MAKE ME AN F-15 JOCK
THOSE GUYS REALLY KNOW HOW TO TALK
THEY BRAG AND THEY PRATTLE
BUT THEY'VE NEVER SEEN BATTLE
DON'T MAKE ME AN F-15 JOCK

LAST CHORUS

O' LET ME FLY MY WARTHOG
ON A TWO HUNDRED FOOT STRAFING RUN
DOWN IN THE GRASS I'LL KICK IVAN'S ASS
WITH MY 30 MIKE MIKE GATLING GUN

I FLY THE LINE

I KEEP A CLOSE WATH ON THESE LANDS OF MINE
I KEEP MY EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME
DIRECTING AIR STRIKES IS A SPECIALTY OF MIN
THIS SECTOR'S MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

DOWN PATROL AROUND AN KHE IS REALLY GREAT
IT'S THOSE OUT COUNTRY MISSIONS THAT I HATE
I'LL FLY AND FIGHT ANYWHERE AND ANYTIME
BECAUSE THEY'RE MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

SMALL ARMS AND 37 I DON'T SWEAT
FIFTY CAL AND ZPU ARE WHAT I FRET
WHITE PUFFS FAR AWAY ARE A GOOD SIGN
THIS SECTOR'S MINE, I FLY THE LINE

ARMED WITH ROCKETS AND BINOCULARS I GO
OUT TOSEE WHAT I CAN SEE AND HOPE TO KNOW
WEHRE OL CHARLIE RUNS AND HIDES AND SPENDS HIS TIME
THIS SECTOR'S MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

WHEN I FIND CHARLIE ON THE GROUND I CALL FOR AIR
THEN I ROLL IN TO MARK WHEN THEY GET THERE
HIT MY SMOKE AND RUN IN ON THE EAST-WEST LINE
THIS SECTORS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

I KEEP A CLOSE WATHC ON THESE LANDS OF MINE
I KEEP MY EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME
DIRECTING AIR STRIKES IS A SPECIALTY OF MINE
THIS SECTORS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

ARMED RECCE GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

IN THE SKIES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA WHERE THE FIGHTER PILOTS DWELL,
THERE'S A MISSION THAT YOU FLY A LOT, YOU GET TO KNOW IT WELL
THEY CALL IT ARMED RECONNAISSANCE, YOU FLY IT FAST AND LOW
IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF PACKAGE ONE THAT'S KNOWN AS TALLY-HO

YOU'RE BRIEFED ON THE DEFENSES ALL ALONG THE ROUTE YOU'LL FLY
YOU'RE SCARED BUT STILL YOU'VE GOT TO GO AND SO YOU TAKE THE SKY
YOU GET PRE-STRIKE REFUELING AND YOU TAKE YOUR FLIGHT ON DOWN
CROSS THE COAST AT BUTTERFLY AND START TO MOVE AROUND
YOU'RE HEADED NORTH UP ROUTE 1A, THE ROAD LOOKS CLEAN AND BARE
BUT A TRUCK IS MIGHTY HARD TO SEE FROM ONE MILE IN THE AIR
YOU KNOW YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE DOWN IT THOUGH YOUR HEART IS IN YOUR MOUTH
NOW DEAD AHEAD'S THE FERRY, THAT'S THE POINT YOU'LL TURN BACK SOUTH

AND SUDDENLY YOUR HEART STOPS AS YOU SEE THE THING YOU DREAD
TRIPLE A IS COMIN' UP AND IT FILLS THE SKY AHEAD
YOU FAKE THE TURN TO THE LEFT AND THEN YOU BREAK HARD UP AND RIGHT
YOUR WINGMAN'S IN WITH CBU AND IT'S A PRETTY SIGHT,

AND NOW YOU'RE HEADED SOUTH AGAIN AND REALLY MOVING' ROUND
TO MAKE A HARDER TARGET FOR THE GUNNERS ON THE GROUND
AND THEN YOU SEE THE CONVOY SITTING STILL BESIDE THE ROAD
ARM UP ALL YOUR SWITCHES AND PREPARE TO DROP YOUR LOAD

TOUCH OFF AFTERBURNER AND POP UP IN TO THE SUN
BUT KEEP THE CONVOY IN YOUR SIGHT AND START TO MAKE YOUR RUN
THE THE GUNNERS START TO SHOOT AGAIN YOU SEE THE FLAK AHEAD
THEN IT'S BURSTING ALL AROUND YOU AND THE SKY IS FILLED WITH LEAD.

YOU CAN'T GO LEFT, YOU CAN'T GO RIGHT, THE FLAK IS ALL AROUND
SO KEEP THE CONVOY IN YOUR SIGHT AND KEEP ON BORING DOWN
AND THEN PICKLE OFF YOUR BOMBLOAD AND PULL UP AND TRUST YOUR LUCK
THAT THE TRIPLE-A WILL MISS YOU AND BOMBS WILL HIT THE TRUCK
BUT THE FLAK IS COMING CLOSER AND YOUR EYES ARE FILLED WITH TEARS
AND BEFORE YOU'VE REACHED THE COASTLINE, YOU'VE AGED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

AND SUDDENTLY YOU'RE OUT OF IT, THE WATER'S DOWN BELOW
BREATHE EASY NOW BUT DON'T RELAX 'CAUSE SURE AS HELL YOU KNOW
THAT TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY AND ONCE AGAIN YOU'LL GO
THE SOUTHERN PART OF PACKAGE ONE AND TALLY-HO.

ONLY THE SPIRIT OF ATTACK, BORN
IN A BRAVE HEART, WILL BRING
SUCCESS TO ANY FIGHTER AIRCRAFT,
NO MATTER HOW HIGHLY DEVELOPED IT MAY BE.

-ADOLF GALLAND

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBADIERS
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN THE STATES,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN THE STATES,
THEY'RE OFF ON FOREIGN SHORES, MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN THE STATES,

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS UP IN WING,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS UP IN WING,
THE PLACE IS FULL OF BRASS, SITTING 'ROUND ON THEIR FAT ASS
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS UP IN WING,

OH, A BOMBERPILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,
OH, A BOMBERPILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,
OH, THE AUTO-PILOT ON, HE'S READING NOVELS IN THE JOHN
OH, A BOMBERPILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN F-FIFTEENS,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN F-FIFTEENS,
DRIVE THEIR EAGLES THROUGH THE BLUE
JUST LIKE BONGO-52S
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN F-FIFTEENS,

OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY
OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY
THEY ARE ALL IN USO'S WEARING WOMEN'S FANCY CLOTHES
OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY,

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTERPILOTS IN THE WING
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE WING
THE PLACE IS FULL OF BRASS, SITTING ROUND ON THEIR FAT ASS
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING

OH, IT'S NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, ANUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE
IF YOU EVER DO IT ONCE YOU'LL DO IT TWICE
IT'LL WRECK YOUR REPUTATION, BUT INCREASE THE POPULATION
OH, IT'S NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE

OH, LOOK AT THE EAGLE PILOTS IN THE CLUB
OH, LOOK AT THE EAGLE PILOTS IN THE CLUB
THEY DON'T PARTY, THEY DON'T SING, THE AGGRESSORS TO EVERYTHING
OH, LOOK AT THE EAGLE PILOTS IN THE CLUB

WHEN A EAGLE JOCK WALKS INTO OUR CLUB
WHEN A EAGLE JOCK WALKS INTO OUR CLUB
HE DON'T DRINK HIS SHARE OF SUDS, ALL HE DOES IS FLUB HIS DUB
OH THERE IS NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY

AN OLD COMPOKE WENT RIDING OUT ONE DARK AND WINDY DAY,
STOPPED BENEATH A SHADY TREE AND PAUSED TO BEAT HIS MEAT
WHEN ALL AT ONCE A SLANT-EYED BITCH, CAME RIDING DOWN THE TRAIL
HE STOPPED HER AND ASKED HER 'HOW 'BOUT A PIECE OF TAIL?'

CHORUS: YIPEE-YI-YEAAAAA, YIPE-YI-YO0000, GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY.

HER TITS WERE ALL A-FLOPPIN', HER CUNT EAT OUT WITH CLAP
HE SOCKED IT TO HER ANYWAY AND GAVE HER ASS A SLAP
SHE SHIT, SHE MOANED, SHE SHIT SHE GROANED
SHE THREW HIM FROM HER CRACK, HE ROLLED ACROSS THE DESERT AND/
BROKE HIS FUCKING BACK

CHORUS: REPEAT

SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS

I'M A SON OF SATAN'S ANGEES AND I FLY THE F-4D
ALL THE WAY FROM THE HANOI RAILROAD BRIDGE TO THE DMZ
I'M ONE OF OL' HOOT GIBSON'S BOYS AND MEAN AS I CAN BE
I'M A SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS AND I FLY THE F-4B.

THERE AIN'T NO TRIPLE-A GUNNER OUT THERE THAT'S ANYWHERE NEAR MY CLASS
CAUSE I'M AS MAD AS I CAN BE AND I'M IN FOR ONE MORE PASS
HE HOSED ME DOWN ONE TIME TOO MUCH AND THAT ONE WAS HIS LAST
I LOOK BACK AT WHERE HE WAS AND SAY 'HEY MAN, AIN'T THAT A GAS.'

HELLO HANOI HANNAH, SEND YOUR MIGS TO MEET THEIR DOOM
FIR THEM UP AND FLAST THEM OFF, HOOT'S BOYS WILL BE THERE SOON
I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE THE ONES WITH A MOUTHFULL OF SILVER SPONS
I'VE GOT SIDEWINDERS ON BOARD THAT'LL HOME ON AN A/B PLUME.

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

OH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE,
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR,
I JUST WANT TO SIT AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGROUND.
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF MY HIGH BORN LADY.

MONDAY, I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE.
TUESDAY, I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE.
WEDNESDAY, SUCCESS, I LIFTED UP HER DRESS.
THURSDAY, HER PANTIES I DID SEE.
FRIDAY, I PUT MY HAND UPON IT.
SATURDAY, SHE GAVE MY BALLS A TWEAK.
BUT IT WAS SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER, THAT I RAMMED THE OLD BOY UP HER.
AND NOW SHE EARNS ME SEVEN AND SIX A WEEK, GORE BLIMEY.

OH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY,
I JUST WANT TO STAY IN ENGLAND, JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND
AND FORNIFICATE MY BLOODY LIFE AWAY.

STRAFE THE TOWN

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE SEE THE FAT OLD PREGNANT WOMEN
LAY YOUR HIGH DRAGS IN THE SQUARE RUNNING THRU THE FIELD IN FEAR
ROLL IN EARLY SUNDAY MORNING RUN YOU 20 MIKE MIKE THRU THEM
CATCH THEM WHILE THEY'RE STILL AT PRAYER HOPE THE FILM COMES OUT REAL CLR

DROP SOME CANDY TO THE ORPHANS STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE
WATCH THEM AS THEY GATHER ROUND HIT THEM WITH YOUR POISON GAS
USE YOUR 20 MILLIMETER SEE THEM THPOWING UP THEIR BREAKFAST
MOW THE LITTLE BASTARDS DOWN AS YOU HAVE YOUR SECOND PASS

SAMMY SMALL

OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL
FUCK 'EM ALL
OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL
FUCK 'EM ALL
OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL
AND I'VE ONLY GOT ONE BALL
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL
SO, FUCK 'EM ALL

OH, THEY SAY I KILLED A MAN
FUCK 'EM ALL
OH, THEY SAY I KILLED A MAN
FUCK 'EM ALL
THEY SAY I SHOT HIM DEAD
WITH A PIECE OF FUCKING LEAD
THROUGH HIS SILLY FUCKING HEAD
WELL, FUCK 'EM ALL

THEY SAY I'M GONNA SWING
FUCK 'EM ALL
THEY SAY I'M GONNA SWING
FUCK 'EM ALL
THEY SAY I'M GONNA SWING
FROM A PIECE OF FUCKING STRING
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING THING
SO, FUCK 'EM ALL

THE PARSON HE WILL COME
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE PARSON HE WILL COME
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE PARSON HE WILL COME
WITH HIS TALES OF KINGDOM COME
HE CAN SHOVE 'EM UP HIS BUNG
SO, FUCK 'EM ALL

THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK
FOR HIS SILLY FUCKING TASK
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING ASS
SO, FUCK 'EM ALL

THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO
FUCK 'EM ALL
THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO
WITH HIS SILLY FUCKING CREW
THEY'VE GOT FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO
SO, FUCK 'EM ALL

(REVERANTLY)
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, FUCK 'EM ALL
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWN, FUCK 'EM ALL
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD
AND I FELT SO FUCKING PROUD
THAT I SHOUTED RIGHT OUT LOUD--

FUCK 'EM ALL

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT(TUNE-MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY)

BY THE RING AROUND HIS EYEBALL
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBARDIE
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBER PILOT
BY THE SPREAD AROUND HIS REAR
YOU CAN TELL A NAVIGATOR
BY HIS SEXTANTS, MAPS AND SUCH
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT.
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES(WALL)-----TUNE BLESS'EM ALL

BLESS THEM ALL, BLESS THEM ALL
BLESS TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES AND ALL
BLESS OLD MAN LOCKHEED FOR BUILDING THIS JET
BUT I KNOW A GUY WHO IS CUSSING HIM YET
CAUSE HE TRIED TO GO OVER THE WALL
THE NEEDLES DID CROSS, AND THE WINGS DID COME OFF
WITH TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES AND ALL.

THROUGH THE WALL, THROUGH THE WALL
THROUGH THE BLOODY INVISIBLE WALL
THAT TRANSONIC JOURNEY IS NOTHING BUT ROUGH
AS BAD AS A RIDE ON THE LOCAL BASE BUS
SO I'M STAYING AWAY FROM THE WALL
SUBSONIC FOR ME AND THAT'S ALL
IF YOU'RE HOT YOU MIGHT MAKE IT
BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY BREAK IT
YOUR BUTT AND YOUR NECK, NOT THE WALL

NONCOMBATANT ASSHOLES

YOU ARE A NONCOMBATANT ASSHOLE
YOU HAVE NEVER KILLED A CONG
YOU JUST SIT AROUND AND SHOOT THE SHIT
STAND THERE AND PLAY ON YOUR DONG

YOU BOUGHT YOUR MEDALS IN A PAWN SHOP
THEY ONLY COST 2.95
YOU WERE ALIVE IN '65 AND YOU'LL BE ALIVE IN 90'
YOU ARE A NONCOMBATANT ASSHOLE

SPRINGTIME AT DUCHI

WHEN IT'S SPRING TIME AT DUCHI BASE, AND THE AGGRESSORS COME OUT TO PLAY
AND THE CONTRAILS RUN IN CIRCLES, FIGHTER PILOTS EARN THEIR PAY
WE'LL HOLD OUR TRIGGERS STEADY WHEN OUR SIGHTS ARE ZEROED IN
WE'LL HOLD OUR GLASSES READY WHEN THEY PASS OUT RUM AND GIN

WHEN IT'S SPRING TIME AT DUCHI BASE, AND THE NAPALM IS IN BLOOM
AND YOUR VULCAN'S DO THE TALKING AND IT'S JUST A MIG AND YOU
ONCE AGAIN YOU'LL HEAR WHISPER THAT MY FUEL IS RUNNING LOW
WHEN IT'S SPRING TIME ON THE AT DUCHI BASE, THEN IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO!

BATTLE HYMN

WE FLY OUR FUCKING PHANTOMS AT FIFTY FUCKING FEET
WE FLY OUR FUCKING PHANTOMS THROUGH THE RAIN AND SNOW AND SLEET
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE'RE FLYING WEST
WE'RE REALLY FLYING EAST
AND WE MAKE OUR FUCKING LANDFALL ON THE FIFTH OF FUCKING FOURTH

CHORUS: GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUIA, GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA, GLORY, GLORY, HAL.

WE FLY THOSE FUCKING PHANTOMS AT FUCK ALL THOUSAND FEET
WE FLY THOSE FUCKING PHANTOMS THROUGH THE TREES AND CORN AND WHAT
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE FLY WITH SKILL
WE FLY WITH FUCKING LUCK
BUT WE DON'T GIVE A FUCKING DAMN OR CARE A FLYING FUCK

WE FLY THOSE FUCKING PHANTOMS AT FIFTY THOUSAND FUCKING FEET
WE FLY OUR FUCKING PHANTOMS THROUGH THE RAIN, THE SNOW, THE SLEET
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE'RE FLYING UP
WE'RE FLYING FUCKING DOWN
AND WE BUST OUR FUCKING ASSES WHEN WE HIT THE FUCKING GROUND

HORSESHIT

THERE WAS A PRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN
THERE WAS A PRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN
THERE WAS A PRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN
UNTIL HE FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN
FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN.

CHORUS: HA HA HA HO HO HO, HORSESHIT
THAT DIRTY OLD SON-OF-A-BITCH
THAT ROTTEN OLD COCKSUCKER
FUCK HIM

HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED
HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED
HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED
AND THEN, HE TWISTED OUT HER MAIDENHEAD
TWISTED OUT HER MAIDENHEAD
(CHORUS)

FIREMAN SONG

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN
HE PUTS OUT FIRES

MY BROTHER IS A FIREMAN
HE PUTS OUT FIRES

MY SISTER SAL IS A FIREMAN'S GAL
SHE PUTS OUT TOO,
BEFORE THE VERSES!

OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN,
TO RIDE ON A FIRE ENGINE RED,
TO SAY TO A TEAM OF WHITE HORSES,
GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD.

HE LAID HER ON A WINDING STAIRX3
AND THEN HE SHOVED IT CLEAR UP TO THERE
SHOVED IT CLEAR UP TO THERE

CHORUS

HE LAID HER ON AN OLD STUMPX3
AND THEN, HE MISSED HER CUNT AND HIT THE
MISSED HER CUNT AND HIT THE STUMP /STUMP

CHORUS

HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A POND^{X3}
AND THEN, HE FUCKED HER WITH HIS MAGIC WAND
FUCKED HER WITH HIS MAGIC WAND

CHORUS

HE LAID HER ON THE DEWEY GRASS^{X3}
AND THEN, HE SHOVED THE OLD BOY UP HER ASS
SHOVED THE OLD BOY UP HER ASS

CHORUS

HE TOOK HER TO THE COUNTRY SIDE^{X3}
AND THEN, HE FUCKED HER UNTIL SHE DIED
FUCKED HER UNTIL SHE DIED

CHORUS

HE TOOK HER TO THE BURIALGROUND^{X3}
AND THEN, HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE ANOTHER ROUND
THOUGHT HE'D HAVE ANOTHER ROUND

CHORUS

HE LAID HER IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND^{X3}
AND THEN, HE DUG HER UP AND DID IT AGAIN
DUG HER UP AND DID IT AGAIN.

KOTEX SONG (CASSIONS GO ROLLING ALONG)

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT SHE ISN'T FEELING WELL
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND
HOW SHE TURNS, HOW SHE SQUIRMS, HOW SHE GETS A CASE OF WORMS
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

FOR ITS HE HE HE IN THE KOTEX INDUSTRY
SUPER JUNIOR BANDAID
FOR ERE YOU GO
THE BLOOD WILL ALWAYS FLOW
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.
KEEP 'EM BLEEDING WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

LAST NIGHT (FINICULE FINICULA)

LAST NIGHT, I STAYED UP LATE AND MASTERBATED,
IT FELT SO GOOD, I KNEW IT WOULD,
LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP LATE TO BEAT MY MEAT
IT FELT SO NICE, I DID IT TWICE.

YOU SHOULD REALLY SEE ME ON THE SHORT STROKES
IT FEELS SO GRAND I USE MY HAND,
YOU MUST REALLY CATCH ME ON THE LONG STROKES,
IT FEELS SO NEAT, I USE MY FEET,

SHAKE IT, BREAK IT, BEAT IT ON THE FLOOR,
SMASH IT, BASH IT, THRUST IT THROUGH THE DOOR,
SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK THAT FUCKING'S GRAND
BUT FOR ALL AROUND ENJOYMENT, I PREFER TO USE MY HAND.

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MINH
HOW SAFE YOU THINK YOU LIE
BENEATH YOUR RING OF SA-2'S
YOU THINK OUR GUYS WON'T FLY
YET THROUGH THE CLOUD DECK RAINETH
A DEADLY TRAIL OF BOMBS
TOO LATE FOR FEAR, THE END IS NEAR
SO FUCK OFF HO CHI MINH,

JOY TO THE WORLD

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE BOMBS WILL COME
LET'S ALL GO JOIN THE FUN
THE BRIDGES, DAMS AND POWER PLANTS
THE SCHOOLS, THE KIDS AND EVEN ANTS
WILL KNOW THE AWESOME SOUND
OF BOMBS HITTING THE GROUND
THEY'LL SHIVER, THEY'LL QUIVER
GEE, WAR IS FUN.

MARY ANN BURNS

MARY ANN BURNS WAS THE QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS
SHE COULD DO TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE A GUY THE SHITS
SHE COULD SHOOT GREEN PEAS FROM HER FUNDAMENTAL ORIFICE
DO A SOMMERSALT AND CATH'EM ON HER TITS
SHE'S A GREAT BIG SON-OF-A-BITH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME
GOT HAIR ON HER ASS LIKE THE BRANCHES ON A TREE
SHE CAN SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK
FLY A PHANTOM, DRIVE A TRUCK
MARY ANN BURNS IS THE GIRL FOR ME

NELLY DARLING

OH, YOUR ASS IS LIKE A STOVE PIPE, NELLY DARLING
AND THE NIPPLES ON YOUR TITS ARE TURNING GREEN
THERE'S A YARD OF LINT PROTRUDING FROM YOUR NAVEL
YOUR'RE THE UGLIEST FUCKING BITCH I'VE EVER SEEN

THERE'S A MILLION CRABS ABOUNDING ROUND YOUR PUSSY
WHEN YOU PISS, YOU PISS A STREAM AS GREEN AS GRASS
THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN YOUR EARS TO MAKE A CANDLE
SO WHY NOT MAKE ONE, DEAR, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS

I LOVE MY WIFE

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO, YES I DO
I LOVE HER TRULY
I LOVE THE HOLE, THAT SHE PISSES THRU
I LOVE HER LILY-WHITE TITS AND HER RUBY RED LIPS
AND THE HAIRS AROUND HER ASSHOLE
I'D EAT HER SHIT GOBBLE-GOBBLE, COMP-CHOMP-WITH A RUSTY SPOON

12-DAYS-OF-CHRISTMAS

1. A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE
2. TWO BRASS BALLS
3. THREE FRENCH TICKLERS
4. FOUR COCKSUCKERS
5. FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS
6. SIX SACKS OF SHIT
7. SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGING
8. EIGHT ASSHOLES ACHING
9. NINE NIPPLES NIBBLING
10. TEN TITTIES TINGLING
11. ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING
12. TWELVE TWATS A TWITCHING

O'LEARY'S BALLS

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY ARE WRINKLED AND HAIRY
THEY'RE STATELY AND SHAPELY LIKE THE DOMES OF ST. PAUL
THE WOMEN ALL MUSTER TO SEE THAT GREAT CLUSTER
THEY STAND AND THEY STARE AT THE GREAT HAIRY PAIR OF O'LEARY'S BALLS

LUPE--VERSION#2

I WAS DOWN IN LAREDO OUT DRINKING ONE NIGHT,
I WAS HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS AND DOING ALL RIGHT,
THERE I SAW A FLOOR SHOW WITH LUPE, THE STAR,
SHE WAS FUCKING THE MAJOR ON TOP OF THE BAR.

HER KNEES WERE ALL BLOODY, HE HAD SORES ON HIS TOES,
SWEAT POURED FROM HIS BALLS, AND IT DRIPPED FROM HIS NOSE.
FROM LUPE, THE LAUGHTER WAS POURING IN PEARLS,
AS SHE CLAWED HIM AND POUNDED HIS ASS WITH HER HEELS.

SAID LUPE DISGUSTED, 'AIN'T NONE OF YOU COCKS,
THAT CAN FUCK FOR TEN MINUTES WITHOUT BLOWING YOUR ROCKS?'
AS A LONG, LANKY TEXAN UNBUTTONED HIS FLY.

HER GLEAM DIDN'T WILT WHEN HE SHOWED HER HIS COCK,
IT WAS SEVENTEEN INCHES FROM BOTTOM TO TOP.
SAID HE, STAND BACK GENTLEMEN, AND LET ME ON THROUGH,
CAUSE THIS IS WHERE LUPE MEETS HER WATERLOO.

THE BAR WAS MARBLE AND IT WAS WELL BUILT,
BUT IT SHUDDERED, AND GROANED AS HE DROVE TO THE HILT.
'VIVA LE MEXICO,' LUPE SHE CRIED,
'REMEMBER THE ALAMO,' THE TEXAN REPLIED.

FOR THREE SOLID HOURS SHE BEGGED HIM FOR MORE,
THEY FELL OFF THE BAR AND THEY FUCKED ON THE FLOOR
FROM THE FLOOR TO THE SIDEWALK TO THE STREET THEY DID FUCK,
RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING TRUCK.

THE AIRHORN IT BELLOWED, THE TRAILER BRAKES LOCKED,
BUT NEITHER LUPE, THE TEXAN, NOR TRUCK COULD STOP.
THE BARTENDER SAID WITH A GLEAM IN HIS EYE,
'I GUESS IN ALL FAIRNESS, WE'LL CALL IT A TIE.'

NOW DOWN IN LAREDO A STATUE IS SEEN,
BUT MOST OF THE TOURISTS, THEY THINK IT'S OBSCENE.
ON THE FEW WHO WERE THERE UNDERSTAND,
THERE'S NO FINER TRIBUTE TO WOMAN OR MAN.

OH, SHE'LL FUCK YOU SHE'LL SUCK YOU, SHE'LL NIBBLE YOUR NUTS,
AND IF NOT CAREFULLY, SHE'LL SUCK OUT YOUR GUTS.
NOW THAT THERE WAS LUPE, THE GIRL I ADORE,
SHE'S A HOT FUCKING, COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD,
NO BIGGER THAN A TURD,
SITTING ON A TELEGRAPH POLE,
OH, HE RUFFLED UP HIS NECK,
AND HE SHIT ABOUT A PECK.
THEN HE PUCKERED UP HIS LITTLE ASS HOLE.

ASS HOLE, ASS HOLE
ASS HOLE, ASSHOLE
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ASS HOLE, ASS HOLE
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I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE-MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SHE WAS DEAD
THE SKIN WAS ALL GONE FROM HER TUMMY
THE HAIR WAS ALL GONE FROM HER HEAD

AS I LAY DOWN THERE BESIDE HER
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY I HAD SINNED
SO I STUCK MY LIPS TO HER SWEET PUSSY
AND SUCKED OU THE LOAD I'D SHOT IN

SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT
I SUCKED OUT THE LOAD I SHOT IN
SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT
I SUCKED OUT THE LOAD I SHOT IN

THE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

WELL, I GOT THIS LITTLE CREATURE
I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL HIM A PET
WHEN SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH HIM
I DON'T HAVE TO CALL THE VET
HE GOES EVERYWHERE THAT I DO
WHETHER SLEEPING OR AWAKE
OH GOD, HELP ME IF I EVER LOSE
MY LITTLE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

CHORUS! OH, MY ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE
MY ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE
GOD HELP ME IF I EVER LOSE
MY LITTLE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

NOW ONE DAY I TOOK TO READING
IN THE OLD SKY PILOTS BOOK
ABOUT TWO STARCHERS BASTARDS
WHO MAKE THE WORLD GO CROOK
THEY SAID IT WAS THE SERPENT
THAT MAKE EVE THE APPLE TAKE
CHRIST, THAT WAS NO SERPENT
T'WAS ADAM'S ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

NOW I MET THIS ARTY SHEILA
I'D NEVER MET BEFORE
WHEN SOMETHING KIND A TOLD ME
THAT SHE BANGED LIKE A SHITHOUSE DOOR
I SAID COME UP AN D SEE MY ETCHINGS
YOU KNOW THEY'RE NOT A FAKE
SHE SAID THE ONLY THING THAT'S ETCHING
IS YOUR ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE.

NOW COME ALL YE LITTLE SHEILA'S
AND LISTEN TO THIS SONG
THE MORÉAL OF THE TROUSER SNAKE
IS SHORT AS IT IS LONG
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

DON'T LOCK YOUR BEDROOM DOOR
CAS' WHEN THE PYJAMA PYTHON RITES YOU
YOU'LL BE SCREAMING OUT FOR MORE. FINI

THE AGGRESSOR TDY SONG

THE AGGRESSORS ARE IN THE BAR TONIGHT
A LITTLE BIT PISSED AND A LITTLE BIT TIGHT
DOCTOR SAYS IT WILL BE ALRIGHT
SECOND VERSE, SAME AS THE FIRST
A LITTLE BIT LOUDER AND A LITTLE BIT WORSE
(MAKE EACH SUCCEEDING VERSE A LITTLE BIT LOUDER UNTIL THE BAR IS
BEING SHAKEN APART)

THE FLAG-VERY POPULAR IN THE SPRINGTIME OF 1939

THE FLAG FLIES HIGH ON THE MASTHEAD
WE'LL FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE REICH- SIG HEIL
NO LONGER WILL WE TREMBLE AGAINST ENGLAND'S MILITARY MIGHT

CHORUS: SO GIVE TO ME YOUR HAND FRAULEIN,
YOUR LILY WHITE HAND FRAULEIN
FOR TONIGHT WE MARCH AGAINST ENGLAND, ENGLAND, ENGLAND'S
ISLAND SHORES, ISLAND SHORES, ISLAND SHORES, SIEG HEIL.

AND IF I FALL IN BATTLE AND SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-BIG SPLASH
REMEMBER THIS, MY FRAULEIN, MY BLOOD WAS SHED FOR THEE.

YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT HOT

YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT-HOT IN THE O'CLUB
YOU CAN'T SAY, 'HEY, SHOW US YOUR TITS'
THE BULLSHIT IS GETTING SO DEEP HERE
IT'S UP TO MY FUCKING ARMPITS.
FUCK OFF, FUCK OFF, 10 TRW FUCK OFF, FUCK OFF
FUCK OFF, FUCK OFF, 10 TRW FUCK OFF, FUCK OFF.

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY LORD

FIVE FOOT NINE, HE'S DIVINE, CHANGES WATER INTO WINE,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD
HE'S THE BOSS, HE'S REAL COOL, WALKS ACROSS YOUR SWIMMING POOL,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD

CHORUS

NOW, IF YOU RUN INTO, A SCREAMING' JEW, CARRYING' A CROSS,
UP A HILL, VOICE SO SHRILL, HE'S STILL SCREAMIN'
I'M THE BOSS.

HE'S THE BOSS, THERE'S NO OTHER, HOW MANY GUYS HAVE A VIRGIN MOTHER?
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD?
VIRGIN MARY, SHE'S THE MOST, SHE GOES DOWN FOR THE HOLY GHOST,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD?

HE'S SO FINE, KINDA HAIRY, HIS OLD LADY WAS THE VIRGIN MARY
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD?
FEEDS A CROWD WITH A LOAF OF BREAD, HE CAN COME BACK FROM THE DEAD,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LORD

'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES

ONCE THERE WAS A BARMAID, DOWN IN BREWERY LANE
HER MASTER WAS SO KIND TO HER, HER MISTRESS WAS THE SAME.
ALONG CAME A PILOT, HANDSOME AS HE COULD BE,
HE WAS THE CAUSE OF ALL HER MISERY!

CHORUS: SINGING 'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND UNIFORMS OF BLUE
HE'LL FLY A FIGHTER
LIKE HIS DADDY USED TO DO!

HE ASKED HER FOR A PILLOW TO REST HIS WEARY HEAD,
SHE GAVE IT TO HIM WILLFULLY AND LOST HER MAIDENHEAD,
AND SHE LIKE A SILLY GIRL, THINKING IT NO HARM,
CLIMBED IN THE BED BESIDE HIM, JUST TO KEEP THE PILOT WARM!

NOW IN THE MORNING BEFORE THE BREAK OF DAY,
A FIVE-POUND NOTE HE HANDED HER, AND THIS TO HER HE DID SAY,
'TAKE THIS, MY DARLING, FOR ALL THE HARM I'VE DONE,
FOR YOU MAY HAVE A DAUGHTER, AND YOU MAY HAVE A SON,
IF YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER, PUT RIBBONS IN HER HAIR,
AND IF YOU HAVE A SON, GET THE BASTARD IN THE AIR!'

NOW THE MORAL OF MY STORY AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE,
IS NEVER TRUST A PILOT AND INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE.
THE BARMAID TRUSTED ONE AND HE WENT OFF TO FLY,
LEAVING HER A DAUGHTER TO HELP THE TIME GO BY!

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES IN A LOOSE BRASSIERE,
AN OLD USED CONDOM IN A GLASS OF BEE,
A TWAT THAT TWITCHES LIKE A MOOSE'S EAR,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

A DIRTY WHORE STROLLING DOWN THE STREET,
A BLOODY TAMPEX IN A RUMBLE SEAT,
I LOVE MY POONTANG BUT I BEAT MY MEAT,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

LEE'S HOOCHIE (ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY)

I WENT TO SEOUL CITY AND MET MISS LEE,
SHE SAID FOR A SHORT TIME, OH COME SLEEP WITH ME.
WE WENT TO LEE'S HOOCHIE, A ROOM WITH HOT FLOORS.
I LEFT MY SHOES OUTSIDE, AND SLID SHUT THE DOOR.

SHE TOOK OFF HER LONG JOHNS, AND ROLLED OUT THE PAD.
I GAVE HER TEN THOUSAND, 'T WAS ALL THAT I HAD.
HER BREATH SMELLS OF KIMCHEE, HER BOSOMS WERE FLAT,
NO HAIR ON HER PUSSY, NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT!

LEE'S HOOCHIE-CONTINUED

I ASKED TO GO BENJO, SHE LED ME OUTSIDE,
I REACHED FOR OLE SMOKEY, HE CRAWLED BACK INSIDE,
I RUSHED TO THE MEDICS, CRIED 'WHAT SHALL I DO?',
THE DOC WAS DUMBFOUNDED, OLE SMOKEY WAS BLUE.

NOW WHEN YOU'RE IN SEOUL CITY, ON YOUR NEXT THREE DAY PASS,
DON'T GO TO LEE'S HOOCHIE, SIT FLAT ON YOUR ASS.
NOW YOUR ASS MAY GET BLISTERED, AND LEE MAY TEMPT YOU,
BUT BETTER THE RED ASS, THAN OLE SMOKEY BLUE.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW, DO THEY SWING TO AND FRO?
CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A KNOT, CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A BOW?
CAN YOU THROW THEM OVER YOUR SHOULDER LIKE A EUROPEAN SOLDIER?
DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

IN THE DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
THEY SHIT RIGHT IN THEIR BRITCHES.
THEY WIPED THEIR ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS,
THOSE OLD TOUGH SON OF BITCHES.

IN DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
AND WOMEN WERE MERE TRIFFLES.
THEY HUNG THEIR BALLS UPON THE WALLS.
AND SHOT THEM DOWN WITH RIFLES.

SIXTEEN TIMES(SIXTEEN TONS)

SOME PEOPLE SAY A MAN IS MADE OUT OF FEAR,
BUT A FIGHTER PILOT'S MADE OUT OF WHISKEY AND BEER,
WHISKEY AND BEER, RUM AND GIN,
IF YOU FLY THE DOT, YOU'RE SURE TO SPIN IN.

CHORUS: YOU FLY SIXTEEN TIMES, AND WHAT DO YOU GET?
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND YOUR WEAPON IS BENT.
ST. PETER DON'T YOU CALL ME, I'M WEAK AND LAME,
I LOST MY ASS IN A POKER GAME.

I AWOKE ONE MORNING WHEN THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE,
GOT MY CHUTE AND WENT DOWN TO THE LINE,
DOWN TO THE LINE TO FLY THE F-4E
BUT IT WAS RAINING SO HARD THAT I COULDN'T SEE.

THEY BLEW THE WHISTLE WHEN I WAS STILL IN THE RACK,
I THOUGHT 'MY GOD, WE ARE UNDER ATTACK.'
RAN TO MY BIRD BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN,
WAS JUST ANOTHER SILLY FUCKING COMMAND POST GAME.

MIGS WERE BORN TO DIE

-BOB LODGE-

SIXTEEN TIMES-CONTINUED

TOOK OFF ONE MORNING WITH BLOOD IN MY EYE,
I'D HAD MY FILL OF KIMCHI AND RYE,
PICKLED ON A BOMB PASS AND THE GUN FELL FREE,
THEY'RE GOING TO HANG MY ASS FROM THE NEAREST TREE.

WHEN YOU SEE ME COMING BETTER BREAK TO THE RIGHT,
CAUSE THE JOVATS AND THE PANTHERS HAD A PARTY LAST NIGHT.
MY EYEBALLS ARE RED AND I'M AS MEAN AS A BEAR,
BELIEVE ME, BUSTER, BETTER CLEAR THE AIR.

MY HUSBANDS A COLONEL

MY HUSBAND'S A COLONEL, A COLONEL, A COLONEL.
A VERY FINE COLONEL IS HE.
ALL DAY HE FUCKS OFF, HE FUCKS OFF, HE FUCKS OFF.
AND AT NIGHT HE COMES HOME AND FUCKS ME.

CHORUS: SING A LITTLE BIT, FUCK A LITTLE BIT,
FOLLOW THE BAND, FOLLOW THE BAND, FOLLOW THE BAND.
SING A LITTLE BIT, FUCK A LITTLE BIT,
JOIN IN OUR HAPPY SONG.

REPEAT VERSE USING THE FOLLOWING:

AN L/C, CHEWS ASS, CHEWS ME.
A MAJOR, KISSES ASS, KISSES ME.
A CAPTAIN, SCREWS UP, SCREWS ME.
A LIEUTENANT, EATS SHIT, EATS ME.
A SAILOR, RIDES WAVES, RIDES ME.
A FLIGHT NURSE, PUMPS BLOOD, PUMPS ME.
A MAC PUKE, BORES HOLES, BORES ME/
A PEUGEOT, GETS TRACKED, JINKS AND GETS ASSHOLED, HE'S WINCHESTER FOR ME.
A FUJIN, BEATS MUD, BEATS OFF.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.
I LOOKED OVER JORDAN AND WHAT DID I SEE,
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME?
A BAND OF ANGELS, COMING AFTER ME
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME

1. SING WITH GESTURES
2. HUM WITH GESTURES
3. GESTURES ONLY

THE WOODPECKER SONG

I DROVE MY FINGER UP THE WOODPECKERS HOLE
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL
TAKE IT OUT TAKE IT OUT TAKE IT OUT REMOVE IT;
I REMOVED MY FINGER FROM THE WOODPECKERS HOLE
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL
PUT IT BACK PUT IT BACK PUT IT BACK REPLACE IT

THE REMAINDER OF THE SONG IS THE SAME AS ABOVE WITH THE UNDERLINED WORDS BEING REPLACED BY THESE IN ORDER:

REPAVED	TURN IT ROUND	REVOLVE IT			
REVOLVED	TURN IT BACK	REVERSE IT	REVERSED	ONCE AGAIN	REPEAT IT
REPEATED	TURN IT BACK	RETARD IT	RETARDED	LET IT GO	RELEASE IT
RELEASED	PUT IT BACK	REPLACE IT	REPLACED	TURN IT ROUND	REVOLVE IT
BEVOLVED	TURN IT BACK	REVERSE IT	REVERSED	ONCE AGAIN	REMOVE

THE HAIRS ON HER DIKI-DI-DOO

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER HAS GOT A PRETTY DAUGHTER.

IF SHE WERE MY DAUGHTER, I'D HAVE THEM CUT SHORTER

I SMELT IT, I FELT IT, IT'S JUST LIKE A BIT OF VELVET

I SEEN IT, I'VE CLEANED, I'VE BEEN IN BETWEEN IT

WE'D NEED A ~~SOLO~~ COAL MINER TO FIND HER VAGINA

SHE LIVES ON A HIGH MOUNTAIN AND FUCKS LIKE A BLOODY FOUNTAIN

REFRAIN: (THREE PART HARMONY IS ACCEPTABLE)

AND THE HAIRS ON HER DIKI-DI-DOO HANG DOWN TO HER KNEES
ONE BLACK ONE, ONE WHITE ONE, AND ONE WITH A LITTLE 'SHINT' ON
AND THE HAIRS ON HER DIKI-DI-DOO HANG DOWN TO HER KNEES

THE MUSIC MAN

I am the music man and I come from down your way and I can play
what can you play?

I can play the pi-a-no, hon, pia-pia-pi-a-no, pia-a-a, pia-a-a
pia-pia-pia-a-a, pia-pia-pia-a-a

Repeat the above using these:

- violin
- sax-a-ophone
- french-horn
- trump-horn
- pic-a-to
- cym-balls
- shillee-nee-dee
- boom-ba-ka

Building in the verses is the same as the Twelve Days of Christmas

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

THE MINSTRELS SING OF AN ENGLISH KING MANY LONG YEARS AGO
HE RULED THE LAND WITH AN IRON HAND BUT HIS MIND WAS WEAK AND LOW
HE LOVED TO HUNT THE ROYAL STAG THAT ROAMED THE ROYAL WOOD
BUT BETTER BY FAR HE LOVED TO SIT AND POUND THE ROYAL PUD.

REFRAIN: HE WAS LOUSY AND DIRTY AND COVERED WITH FLEAS
THE HAIR ON HIS BALLS HUNG DOWN TO HIS KNEES
GOD BLESS THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

NOW THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WAS AN AMOROUS JANE AND A SILLY OLD WITCH WAS SHE
SHE LOVED TO FOOL WITH THE ROYAL TOOL FAR ACROSS THE SEA
SO SHE SENT A ROYAL MESSAGE WITH THE ROYAL MESSENGER
TO INVITE THE KING OF ENGLAND DOWN TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HER

NOW, THE KING OF FRANCE, HE HEARD OF THIS AND SUMMONED HIS ROYAL COURT
HE SAID SHE LOVES MY RIVAL MORE BECAUSE MY TOOL WAS SHORT
SO HE SENT THE DUKE OF SUFFERING BACK TO GIVE THE QUEEN A DOSE OF CLAP
TO PASS IT ON TO THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

WHEN THE KING OF ENGLAND HEARD OF THIS WITHIN THE ROYAL HALLS
HE UP AND SNORE BY THE ROYAL HALL HE'D HAVE THAT FRENCHMAN'S BALLS
HE OFFERED HALF THE ROYAL PURSE AND ~~HALF THE~~ A PIECE OF THE QUEEN'S INCENSE
TO ANY BRITISH SUBJECT WHO COULD DO THE KING OF FRANCE

SO THE NOBLE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX, HE TOOK HIMSELF TO FRANCE
HE SNORE HE WAS A FAIRY SO THE KING LET DROP HIS PANTS
ON PHILLIPS DONG HE SLIPPED A THONG, JUMPED ON HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED ALONG
DRAGGING THE FRENCHMAN BACK TO MERRY ENGLAND

WHEN THEY RETURNED TO LONDON TOWN, WITHIN FAIR ENGLAND'S SHORES
BECAUSE HIS PRIDE AND PHILLIPS PRIME WERE STRETCHED A YARD OR MORE
AND ALL THE WHORES IN SILKEN DRAPESS CAME DOWN TO LONDON TOWN
AND SHOUTED ROUND THE BATTLEMENTS, 'TO HELL WITH THE BRITISH CROWN.'

FEMALE AFTER LAST REFRAIN: RULE BRITANNIA, MARLMANADE AND JAM,

FIVE CHINESE CRACKERS UP YOUR ASSHOLE, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, ETC.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON
WHO TRADED HIS CAR FOR AN AUTSTIN
THERE WAS ROOM FOR HIS ASS AND A GALLON OF GAS
BUT HIS BALLS HUNG OUT AND HE LOST 'EM.

CHORUS: OH, AY-YI-YI-YI, IN CHINA THEY DO IT FOR CHILE
SO LET'S HAVE A VERSE THAT'S WORSE THAN THE OTHER VERSE
AND WALTZ ME AROUND BY MY WILLI

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM DUNDEE
WHO BUGGERED AN APE IN A TREE
THE RESULT WAS MOST HORRID, ALL ASS, AND NO FOREHEAD
THREE BALLS AND A PURPLE GOATEE.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KILDAIR
WHO BUGGERED HIS GIRL ON THE STAIRS
THE BANNISTER BROKE, HE DOUBLED HIS STROKE
AND FINISHED HER OFF IN MID-AIR.

THERE WAS A QUEER FROM KHARTUOM
WHO TOOK A YOUNG LESBIAN TO HIS ROOM
THEY ARGUED ALL NIGHT, AS TO WHO HAD THE RIGHT
TO DO WHAT, WITH WHICK AND TO WHOM.
THE

THERE WAS A PROFESSOR FROM THE MALL
WHO POSSESSED A CYLINDRICAL BALL
THE CUBE ROOT OF ITS WEIGHT, PLUS HIS PENIS, PLUS EIGHT
WAS ONE HALF OF TWO THIRDS OF FUCK ALL.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM ST. PAUL
WHO WORE A NEWSPAPER DREWW TO A BALL
HER DREWW CAUGHT ON FIRE, AND BURNED HER ENTIRE
FRONT PAGE, SPORTS SECTION AND ALL/

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WHEELING
WHO HAD A PECULIAR FEELING
SHE LAID ON HER BACK, AND TICKLED HER CRACK
AND PISSED ALL OVER THE CEILING

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NANTUCKET
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT
HE SAID WITH A GRIN, AS HE WIPED OFF HIS CHIN
IF MY EAR WERE A CUNT, I COULD FUCK IT.

THERE ONCE WAS A YOUNGMAN FROM KENT
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG THAT IT BENT
TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE, HE PUT IT IN DOUBLE
AND INSTEAD OF COMING, HE WENT.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN OF CLASS
WHOSE BALLS WERE MAD OF BRASS
WHEN THEY SWUNG TOGETHER, THEY PLAYED STORMY WEATHRR
AND LIGHTENING SHOT OUT OF HIS ASS.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM SPARTA
WHO WAS THE WORLDS CHAMPION FARTER
ON THE STRENGTH OF ONE BEAN, HE PLAYED GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
AND BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM RANGOON
WHO WAS FORN BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
HE HAD NOT THE LUCK, TO BORN BY A FUCK
BUT WAS A WET DREAM SCOOPED UP IN A SPOON.

THERE ONCE WAS A BOY FROM BACLARIDE
AND HE WAS HIS PARENTS DISPARAGE
HB SUCKED OFF HIS BROTHER, AND WENT DOWN ON HIS MOTHER
AND ATE UP HIS SISTERS MISCARRIAGE.

THERE ONCE WAS A PILOT FROM K-2
WHO BUGGERED A GIRL DOWN IN TAEU
HE SAID TO THE DOC, AS SHE HANDED HIM HIS COCK
WILL I LOSE BOTH MY TESTICLES TOO,

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM TRIESTE
WHO LOVED HIS WIFE WITH A ZEST
DESPITE ALL HER HOWLS, HE SUCKED OUT HER BOWLS
AND DESPOSITED THE MESS ON HER BREAST

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN SAT ADAM
WITH HIS HAND ON THE BUTT OF HIS MADAM
HE CHUCKLED WITH MIRTH, FOR HE KNEW ON THIS EARTH
THERE WERE ONLY TWO BALLS AND HE HAD EM.

THERE WAS AN OLD HERMIT NAMED DAVE
WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN HIS CAVE
HE SAID, I'LL ADMIT, I'M A BIT OF A SHIT
BUT THINK OF THE MONEY I SAVE.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED ALIVE
WHO USED A DYNAMITE STICK FOR A PHALLICE
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA, IN SOUTH CAROLINA
AND PIECE OF HER HYMN IN DALLAS.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM FRANCE
WHO BOARDED A TRAIN BY CHANCE
THE ENGINEER FUCKED HER, AND SO'D THE CONDUCTOR
AND THE BRAKEMAN WENT OFF IN HIS PANTS.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM BOMBAY
WHO FASHIONED A CUNT OUT OF CLAY
THE HEAT OF HIS PRICK, TURNED THE CLAY INTO BRICK
AND RUBBED ALL HIS FORESKIN AWAY.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED GAIL
BETWEEN HER TITS WAS A PRICE OF HER TAIL
AND ON HER BEHIND, FOR THE SAKE OF THE BLIND
WAS THE SAME INFORMATION IN BRAILLE.

THERE ONCE WAS GIRL FROM THE AZORES
WHOSE CUNT WAS ALL COVERED WITH SORES
THE DOGS IN THE STREET, WOULD NOT EAT THE GREEN MEAT
THAT HUNG IN FESTOONS FROM HER DRAWERS.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM PERU
WHO SAID AS THE BISHOP WITHDREW
THE VICAR IS QUICKER, HE'S ALSO A LICKER
AND CONSIDERABLE THICKER THAN YOU

THERE WAS A YOUNG PRIEST FROM DUNDEE
WHO WENT IN THE GARDEN TO PEE
HE SAID PAX VO BISCUIT, I CAN'T MAKE IT, THE PISS COME OUT
I FUSS I'VE GOT CLAP C L A P

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED MYRTLE
WHO WAS RAPED ON THE BEACH BY A TURTLE
THE RESULTS OF THE FUCK, WAS TWO EGGS AND A DUCK
WHICH PROVED THAT THE TURTLE WAS FERTILE

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NOTTINGHAM
WHO STOOD ON A BRIDGE AT BUCKINGHAM
AND WATCHING THE STUNTS, OF THE CUNTS AND THE PUNTS
AND THE TICKS OF THE PRICKS THAT WERE FUCKINGHAM

AN ARGENTINE GAUCHO NAME BRUNO
SAID FUCKING IS ONE THING I DO KNOW
ALL WOMEN ARE FINE, AND SHEEP ARE DEVINE
BUT LLAMAS ARE NUMBER UNO

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NEW BRIGHTON
WHO SAID MY DEAR YOU'VE A TIGHT ONE
SAID SHE PON MY SOUL, YOU HAVE THE WRONG HOLE
IT'S THE ONE UP IN FRONT THAT'S THE RIGHT ONE.

THERE WAS MAN FROM ST JAMES
WHO PLAYED MOST UNUSUAL GAMES
HE LIT A MATCH, TO HIS GRANDMOTHERS SNATCH
AND LAUGHED AS SHE PISSED THROUGH THE FLAMES.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED MCGRUDER
WHO WOODED A NUDE IN BERMUDA
NOW THE NUDE THOUGHT IT CRUDE, TO BE WOODED IN THE NUDE
BUT MCGRUDER WAS CRUDER, HE SCREWED HER.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KIETH
WHO SKINED BACK PRICKS WITH HIS TEETH
IT WASN'T FOR PLEASURE, HE ADOPTED THIS MEASURE
BUT FOR THE CHEES HE FOUND UNDERNEATH.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LASS NAMED ALICE
WHO PEED IN THE ARCHBISHOPS CHALICE
IT WAS NOT FROM RELIEF, AS WAS THE BELIEF
BUT PURELY FORM PROTESTANT MALICE.

THERE WAS A YOUNG BISHOP FROM BIRMINGHAM
WHO DIDDLED THE NUNS WHILE CONFIRMIN' EM
HE BROUGHT THEM INDOORS, SLIPPED DOWN THEIR DRAWERS
AND SLIPPED HIS IPISCOPAL WORM IN 'EM

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BROCK
WHO TIED A VIOLIN STRING TO HIS COCK
WITH JUST ONE ERECTION, HE COULD PLAY A SELECTION
FROM JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

THERE ONCE WAS A LADY NAMED LIL
WHO SWALLOWED AN ATOMIC PILL
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA IN NORTH CAROLINA,
AND ONE OF HER TITS IN BRAZIL/

THERE ONCE WAS A PIRATE NAMED BATES
WHO WAS LEARNING TO RHUMBA ON SKATES
HE FELL ON HIS CUTLASS, WHICH RENDERED HIM NUTLESS
AND PRACTICALLY USELESS ON DATES

MADELINE SCHMIDT

I ONCE KNEW A GIRL NAMED OF MADELINE SCHMIDT
WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR CAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHIT
HE GAVE HER SOME MEDICINE ALL WRAPPED UP IN GLASS
UP WENT THE WINDOW AND OUT WENT HER ASS/

REFRAIN: IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER WAS WALKING HIS BEAT
WHO HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET
HE LOOKED UP SO INNOCENT, HE LOOKED UP SO SHY
AND A GREAT PIECE OF SHIT HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE.

THEAT HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER, HE CURSED AND HE SWORE
HE CALLED THAT YOUNG MADDEN A DIRTY OL' WHORE
BENEATH BROOKLYN BRIDGE YOU CAN STILL SEE HIM SIT
WITH A SIGN ROUND HIS NECK SAYING 'BLINDED BY SHIT.'

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE,
SPREAD YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE PLACE,
STICK YOUR PUSSY RIGHT ON MY NOSE,
OR WOULD YOU RATHER SUCK MY HOG.

OLD MAN'S LAMENT

NOW I'M OLD AND FEEBLE,
MY PILOT LIGHT IS OUT,
WHAT USED TO BE MY SEX-APPEAL,
IS NOW MY WATER SPOUT.

I USED TO BE EMBARRESED,
TO MAKE THE THING BEHAVE,
FOR EVERY SINGLE MORNING,
IT WOULD STAND AND WATCH ME SHAVE.

BUT NOW I'M GROWING OLDER,
AND IT SURE GIVES ME THE BLUES,
TO HAVE THE THING HANG DOWN MY LEG,
AND WATCH ME SHINE MY SHOES.

PUBIC HAIRS

PUBIC HAIRS, YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE PUBLIC HAIRS.
THERE'S NOT ANOTHER THAT CAN COMPARE, PUBLIC HAIRS
PENIS OR VAGINA, NOTHING CAN BE FINER.
PUBIC HAIRS, I'M UP IN HEAVEN WHEN I'M IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.
I DIDN'T NEED A SHOVE TO TAKE A MOUTHFUL OF YOUR PRETTY PUBIC HAIRS.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

OH, THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE, COUNTING OUT HIS WEALTH,
THE QUEEN WAS IN THE BEDROOM, PLAYING WITH HERSELF.

CHORUS: BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER, ASS AGAINST THE WALL,
IF YOU NEVER BEEN LAID ON A SATURDAY NIGHT,
YOU'VE NVER BEEN LAID AT ALL.

OH, THE BRIDE WAS IN THE BEDROOM, EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM,
THE VAGINA, NOT THE RECTUM, WAS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB.

OH, THE PARSON'S WIFE SHE WAS THERE, SEATED DOWN IN FRONT,
A WREATH OF ROSES ROUND HER NECK, A CARROT UP HER CUNT.

OH, THE VILLAGE PARSON HE WAS THERE, AND VERY SURPRISED TO SEE,
FOUR AND TWENTY MAIDENHEADS HANGING FROM A TREE.

OH, THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE, SHE HAD THEM ALL IN FITS,
DIVING OFF THE MANTLPIECE, AND LANDING ON HER TITS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE HAYLOFTS, FUCKING IN THE RICKS,
YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SLUSHING OF THE PRICKS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE BARLEY, THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE OATS,
SOME WERE FUCKING SHEEP AND SOME WERE FUCKING GOATS.

OH, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE, HIS HAMMER AND HIS AWLS,
TALKING TO THE QUEEN AND SHOWING OFF HIS BALLS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE PARLORS, FUCKING ON THE STAIRS,
YOU COULD NOT SEE THE CARPETS FOR THE COME AND CURLY HAIRS.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE, MAKING LIKE A FOOL.
PULLING HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLING THRU HIS TOOL.

OH, THE VILLAGE BUTCHER HE WAS THERE, CLEAVER IN HIS HAND,
AND EVERY TIME HE TURNED AROUND, HE CIRCUMSIZED A MAN.

OH, THE MOTHER SUPERIOR SHE WAS THERE, A LYING ON THE FLOOR,
AND EVERY TIME SHE SPREAD HER LEGS, THE SUCTION CLOSED THE DOOR.

OH, THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE, NOT DOING VERY MUCH,
HE LINED UP ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS, AND FUCKED THEM WITH HIS CRUTCH.

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER, AND THE FOLKS WENT HOME TO REST,
THEY SAID THEY ENJOYED THE MUSIC, BUT THE FUCKING WAS THE BEST.

MY GIRL

THE NIPPLES ON HER TITS ARE AS BIG AS PLUMS
THE WIGGLE WHEN SHE WALKS WOULD MAKE A DEAD MAN COME.
SHE'S A MEAN MOTHER-FUCKER; SHE'S A GREAT COCKSUCKER.
SHE'S MY GIRL--SHE FLICKS.

I AM EAGLE I AM WOMEN

I AM EAGLE, HEAR ME ROAR,
I AM TOO BIG TO IGNORE
PAINT ME LITTLE, PAINT ME TINEY, PAIN ME SMALL
I CAN SORT AND PICK AND CHOOSE,
BUT SOMEHOW I ALWAYS LOSE.
I GUESS IT'S 'CAUSE I'VE GOT NO CLUE AT ALL,
BUT THEY SAID IN UPT THAT THE EAGLE WAS FOR ME;
THAT MY HANDS WERE MADE OF GOLD AND COULDN'T FAIL,
BUT MY RADAR JUST WENT TITS,
OH MY GOD, AIN'T THIS THE SHITS.
I'VE GOT PHANTOMS AND AGGRESSORS ON MY TAIL.

CHORUS

YE, I AM WISE BUT IT'S FEELING FROM THE PAIN,
YE, I'VE PAID THE PRICE BUT LOOK AT WHAT I'VE GAINED
IF I HAD TO , I CAN DO ANYTHING
I AM LARGE, I AM INVINCIBLE, I AM EAGLE,
WATCH ME DIE.

AS I FLY THE SPEED OF LIGHT
BLOWING BOTH WAYS THRU THE FIGHT,
I KNOW THAT AUTO-GUNS WON'T LET ME DOWN.
BUT I'VE GOT NO TALLY-HO,
AND I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO,
SO I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SLWO THIS MOTHER DOWN.
BUT YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW,
JUST WHICH WAY THE FLAMES WILL GO,
WHEN BOTH THROTTLES ARE PLACED UP AGAINST THE WALL.
SO I LIE HERE ON MY BACK,
WITH BOTH ENGINES ROLLING BACK,
WHEN MY GCI CONTROLLLER SAYS-ATOLL!

CHORUS

-A FIGHTER PILOT IS NOT DRUNK
IF HE CAN HOLD ON TO A SINGLE
BLADE OF GRASS AND NOT FALL OFF
THE FACE OF THE EARTH-